THE BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

W. R. STOKE, Editor and Proprietor.

GREAT BEND - - - - KANSAS

DREAMING.

Sweet memories of the long ago
Steal o'er me like a magic spell;
They check my spirit's gladsome flow,
And yet, I love them, ah! so well;
I live again those bygone years
Which now lie sleeping in the tomb,
Each in its shroud of smiles and tears,
Of brightest light and deepest gloom.

I love to dream of that far-off time,
When all the links in friendship's chain
Were true and strong, and in their prime,
Where naught but fragments now remain;
For many links long since have perished,
Some lost, some scattered, some remain,
While few have tarnished which we cherished,
In friendship's magic golden chain.

I love the past, though fraught with pain,
As well as joy, and hopes and fears,
Yet, I would not bring back again
Those precious, cherished, bygone years;
For sorrows past possess a charm,
And pleasures double seem to be,
And even fears bring no alarm
When floating back through memory.

Then let me dream fond dreams of yore,
Of years which can not come again,
Of joys and griefs to come no more,
Of broken links in friendship's chain;
All blend in one harmonious strain,
Which echoes through my inmost heart,
It brings a kind of blissful pain,
I would 'twould never more depart.
—*Evangeline B. Blanchard, in Troy Telegram.*

BAR HARBOR.

A Wild, Weird Tale of Love and Adventure.

BY AMOS LEE.

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CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

The despicable meanness of his low trickery, treachery, deceit and villainy appeared in so violent a contrast with the nobleness, simplicity and purity of this guileless creature that his now thoroughly awakened sense of honor positively forbade his taking advantage of the opportunity fortune had flung at his feet.

As to Fairfax, so to Natalie, with the revelation of her love, had come an accompanying revelation—but of a far-different character.

When she pushed aside the curtain, she paused, not only because surprised at the sudden transformation in her friend; but because his bent head, worried and woefully sad face and his figure, with the hands clasped behind the back, reminded her forcibly of some event or person that she felt convinced had entered into some of her recent experiences.

She had no time to remember what or who it was; for her interest and distress as to Fairfax's sorrowful demeanor drove all other thoughts from her mind. When, however, he glanced up and that great wave of color had crossed his face, the resemblance again struck her so forcibly that she put her hand to her forehead with the words:

"Did I dream it? Where have I seen him before? Surely, I have—seen—ah, I remember, now! The old chateau, the Marchioness and the ball that evening."

Like a flash, the scene appeared before her, with the clearness of inspiration. Again she saw Lydia at the foot of the stair-case, the young American standing dejectedly beside her, his head bent down, listening to her conversation; again she saw his look of surprise and flush of embarrassment, when he caught sight of her, as she came slowly down the steps with the old Marquis.

A horrible suspicion arose in her mind. Could this apparently innocent, noble-hearted fellow (whom, for the first time, she now realized she loved) have been playing fast and loose with her? Acting the role of a hypocrite? It could not, *must* not be true. Yet, sick at heart, faint under the burden of the suspicion, she stepped forward, with the eagerness of despair that knows the hour of doom is at hand, but seeks to flatter itself into a belief to the contrary. Clasping her hands and gazing earnestly into his face, she exclaimed:

"You are not Mons. Fairfax whom I saw at the ball that evening? Oh! say that you are not the man who has done this. Tell me that you are what I believed you—honorable, true!"

Fairfax slowly lifted up his head. All the light was gone out of his eyes; shame and self-conviction had taken its place. Quietly he replied:

"I can not lie to you."

She sank back into a chair and put her hands before her face to conceal her tears and look of bitter disappointment and reproach; and with such ineffable sadness that Fairfax was completely overwhelmed with remorse. She said, between the sobs that she bravely tried to stifle:

"And I trusted you so!"

Suddenly she arose, flung aside her tears and disappointment and stood erect; haughty, cold and commanding. Any other but Fairfax would have flinched under the keen, contemptuous gaze.

"This must cease!" and, as she spoke, the words fell in hard, unnatural metallic tones.

Her cheeks flushed with indignation, her lip curled in scorn and command, her eyes gleamed with fire, and she looked every inch the child of a royal race.

Fairfax forgot every thing totally, and gazed in wrapt admiration at this glorious being.

"This must cease! You stand confessed that you are the man through whose arts I am here. I command you to release and return me."

"What!" she continued, as Fairfax stood silently devouring her as it were, with his eyes, "you refuse to heed? Know you not that the word of the Princess Radziwill, even with her peers, is law; and do you, an inferior, dare to hold her prisoner? Go!" she said, imperiously, her face now pallid with the strong emotion that rent her. "Go! To-morrow you will provide a way for my return."

Fairfax, regaining his composure, with a coolness, dispassionateness and gentlemanly courtesy, by which even Natalie could not help being affected, replied in those slow, calculating, colorless, measured tones that he could adopt at will:

"The Princess Natalie forgets that she is entirely in my control; that she has given me her written promise even to meditate no escape, while freedom is allowed her. I do not deny that I abducted you; stole you from your home; that I imperiled your life, my life, your happiness, my own happiness and that of your family; that I risked all; threw every thing into the balance, including my own moral perceptions of right and wrong, my training as the son of a Christian gentleman, overbore my conscientious scruples—all to succeed in my plans. That I love you, you know. But that I have loved you ever since that blessed hour when I first beheld you at the wayside pool in Brittany, you do not know. It was I who found and returned your lost knife. I, too, am the guilty author and executor of the abduction. You know how well I have succeeded. Can you deny that you feel an interest in me? Will you say that I am nothing to you? I have never loved you more than I do now. I have never felt your worthiness and my own unworthiness, villainy and hypocrisy more than I do now—my wickedness in imposing upon the confidence and innocence of one so far above me in purity and nobleness of life. You know what I am. I make no excuse, no apology. My offense is too gross even to allow of an apology. All I say is: I loved you and knew well that no plebeian could dream of winning your affections; much less, your hand. On the eve of my departure to America, this plan suggested itself to me, hung about me like a nightmare, until, unable to rid myself of it, I yielded, with this result."

"But," continued he, "you, yourself, must acknowledge that you have been treated kindly; that your time has passed pleasantly and that you never were happier. However, I am no cruel jailer and will prove my love by giving up all my hopes forever—since that is your wish. To-morrow you shall go. You may blame me, but never as severely as I shall myself. I leave you and shall trouble you no more."

So saying, before she could prevent him, he quickly took her hand in his and, bending forward, touched it lightly to his lips.

Slight as it was, the act sent the blood tingling through Natalie's veins. No man had ever taken, or ever dared to take, even that respectful and gallant liberty with her person.

While Fairfax had been talking with her, his face lost its expression of shame and, gradually, assumed a look of dignity with which was intermingled that refined, sorrowful look that had attracted her attention, when she first saw him—a weary, yet calm resignation to fate; a sublime endurance. His frankness and every thing about him was, for the nonce, at least, all spontaneity itself, and, therefore doubly effective.

The girl could not but listen and look. As he proceeded, her anger began to grow cool and her hasty resolves to melt. She felt, welling up in her breast, the strong love for this man that, unknown to herself, had been silently but rapidly growing up within her.

When he released her hand, and with a low bow and barely audible, "Addio!" walked away, she would have been weak enough to run after him or to call him back, had not a sharp ring from the door-bell prevented her putting the wish into execution. Speedily retreating up the stairway, she told Blanche to say to the visitor that Miss Rochefort was unwell and begged to be excused.

CHAPTER XXII.

IF I FIND HIM—WHAT?

Several days before the occurrence of the incidents set forth in the foregoing chapters, there had arrived at the village of Bar Harbor a note that awakened no little interest in the family of the Gulnares, dwellers at the lovely mansion of "Desert Rock." A card, bearing the address, "Windsor Hotel, N. Y.," accompanied the letter that read as follows:

"DEAR D.: I have just learned of the suddenly-planned departure for America of a very dear friend. As we are great chums, and I know something of the loneliness of a young girl in a strange land, I have given her several letters of introduction to old-time friends who knew me as plain Miss Jerome. May I count upon you, too, to show her some attention. She is one of my most admired and dearest friends. I don't think you will consider me going too far when I add, she must, therefore, be very lovely and attractive."

The note was from the wife of a well-known English peer.

Upon arriving in New York, Lydia mailed this letter with several others of similar character. It was reforwarded to Bar Harbor and one result of its receipt was the sudden departure of young Mr. and Miss Gulnare for New York city with the purpose of pursuading Lady Lydia Broadacres to spend with them the remaining weeks of their sojourn at Desert Rock.

Having once entered upon her mission, Lydia was resolved upon carrying it through to the end. Natalie must be found, or her own suspicions forever laid at rest. She decided upon paying a brief visit to a certain remote village, best made known by a sentence copied from a previously-mentioned note of Mr. Richard Oxford's:

"I shall often think of him, far away in that quiet little village of Drifton in Pennsylvania."

Informing her aunt that she had heard a great deal about the coal mines and the unique scenery of the mining district of Pennsylvania, she declared her intention of immediately inspecting the region around about Hazleton, in Luzerne County.

Under assumed names, they registered at a little hotel in the village of Upper Lehigh, within two miles of Drifton, in Pennsylvania.

Prof. John Fairfax, a dignified, gray-haired old gentleman, was in charge of a female seminary in the town. He was well-to-do only in the size of his family, consisting of several daughters and two sons, Arthur and Dana Fairfax.

Mr. Arthur Fairfax was absent—no one knew where. Still this fact, although not all reassuring, was by no means conclusive proof of his guilt. So "my Lady Lydia" resolved to profit by his absence.

Ere her departure she had learned much about the town, more about the Fairfaxes, and, most of all, about Mr. Arthur Fairfax. She heard, too, the history of his disappointments and his present unhappy state of indecision. But, the more she learned about him and the more she saw of his father's family, the more she began to think that it was impossible that he should be any thing else but innocent.

Lydia was what might be called a practical dreamer; and, to be candid, many of her musings latterly were chiefly upon one subject, and much in the following extraordinary vein:

Her estates were large; her tenants manifold. They, of course, would vote for the man of her choice, should he offer himself as a Parliamentary candidate. How much better would be her life could she marry a man whom she might thus help. How much happier than if mated with some *roue*, her equal in wealth and station, perhaps, but tired of life and in *blase;* whom was no ambition and no apparent interest in the world at large.

These, and thoughts like these, constantly floated through her mind. Can she be blamed if they were in connection with but one man?

Her very mission, together with the extremely satisfactory results of her investigations as to Fairfax's character and antecedents were such as could scarcely fail to interest the coldest and most fastidious woman. Lydia found her interest growing so warm that she, at last, allowed herself to come to a definitely-shaped resolve, although somewhat staggered at first, by the very boldness and unwomanly nature of the latter. In character it was somewhat as follows:

When she should eventually find this man, Fairfax, he and fate—"together with a little assistance from me," so she naively told herself—must once and for all "decide this matter," as she was pleased to call it.

But deep down in her heart was the conviction never uttered, yet all-powerful, that for what she gave she must receive genuine coin in return.

Let the reader pause a moment before uttering his hastily-formed opinion as to the somewhat remarkable course adopted by this equally remarkable young woman, and allow the writer to repeat certain facts already given.

She had always been accustomed to having her own way. She had lived long enough in her own country to realize the false and mercenary spirit of most of the men whose rank would allow them to aspire to her hand. Something in her heart told her that when she esteemed this Fairfax, she was esteeming a genuine man. But her very rank and wealth, she thought, would

BEGGING HER TO PROCEED.

be apt to hold him aloof, even if he were to fall in love with her;—perhaps most important—their respective homes were in widely different continents and events might never again throw them into each other's way.

Thus reasoned Madamoiselle Lydia, and if she reasoned oddly and somewhat differently from the conventional ways of precise society, she, at least, reasoned correctly and naturally, and followed not form, but her own heart. As Emerson has it, she had written "on the lintels of her door-posts, 'Whim.'"

But where was this Fairfax to be found? His own family did not know. She was at her wit's end to discover some means to learn his whereabouts and to meet him, so that the meeting might appear accidental. Fortune helped her, as it always helps those who help themselves.

Ere leaving the village she made a parting call on the Fairfaxes. The family was in great joy. A letter had just that moment been received from the missing son. Mrs. Fairfax was reading it aloud, and her caller, taking kindly interest and begging her to proceed, she continued:

"It seems Arthur is at Mt. Desert, 'on a little business affair,' he writes, 'that may keep me here some time. By the way, I am know here as Arnold Fox. Address my letters accordingly, and'"—here he had heavily underscored the line—"'please, *on no account*, let any one know of my whereabouts or nom de plume.' Oh! Miss Carnsford"—for such was the name by which Lydia was known to her—"you will excuse us, then, for requesting silence upon that point that we have unwittingly divulged to you."

Of course Lydia smiled, and promised.

She then returned to New York, endeavoring throughout the journey to solve the problem as to Mt. Desert—how to get there, and what the excuse for going.

At the Windsor Hotel she found the cards of many callers among whom had been the Gulnares, who left a note asking her to return with them to Bar Harbor, where they proposed spending October.

She was overjoyed at this simple solution of her problem. Of course she would go with them.

Wherever the party went, the observed of all observers, it is quite needless to say, was the young Englishwoman. The tall, finely proportioned figure, that clear, white, brilliant complexion, those wonderful blue eyes, and her very manner and carriage never failed to attract a second glance toward her.

On the afternoon of a lovely, calm day they arrived at Mt. Desert ferry. In the sunset glow the hills of the island loomed high, and the waters of Frenchman's bay, smooth as a mirror, gleamed like burnished gold. The week was the first of October, and the air was cool, but not unpleasantly so. The thin smoke, rising from the chimneys of the farm-houses; the clear water, surging against the rock-ribbed coast; the far-off tinkle of the herd bells, ringing among the pastures and woods; the sharp contrast of light and shade; the gun of the hunter, breaking the stillness of the air, as it frightened the sea birds from their haunt along the shore; the fishing boats, dropping one by one into the harbor, and the great white steamer lying moored at her dock, all made a picture that indelibly impressed itself upon the mind of Lydia.

Elegant cottages dotted the shores. The Gulnares called Lydia's attention to several of the more noted of them. Having viewed those on the "bay shore" and in the village, they next turned their gaze to the "ocean shore." After pointing out several, and among them Eld-Field and Glen Gore, Miss Gulnare remarked in connection with the two latter:

"By the way, both of these cottages were taken about the beginning of September by two delightfully mysterious characters. At Eld-Field is a sort of recluse in the shape of a young woman, whose name is said to be Miss Rochefort. Be that as it may, she refuses to receive visitors. A Miss Strong—the aunt of Mr. Arnold Fox, the other mysterious character, who is at Glen Gore—together with Mr. Fox himself, are about the only callers ever successful in getting an interview with her. She frequently goes out riding. I have often caught a fleeting glimpse of her as she dashes by on her black horse. She is certainly the most stunningly beautiful brunette I have ever seen. Some gentleman—I see by the papers—says she bears a remarkably close resemblance to the Princess Natalie Radziwill."

"Ah, indeed," replied Lydia, with marvellous self-control. "Quite a curious pair they must be, these visitors at your resort. I hope I shall have a look at them."

"Can you tell me," said she, coolly changing the conversation, "what is that enormous building in the village?"

She had thus accidentally learned what she wished—all she wished. Outwardly, she was calm and cold, talking with patronizing society commendation of this, that and the other point of beauty. But her brain was in a tumult. The worst, and far more than the worst, was realized. Her presentiment was true.

Upon two things she was resolved. Fairfax must be seen. Natalie, too, must be visited.

Ah! but he was clever, that Fairfax! How he had deceived her in all, except the tell-tale blush! How cunningly had he acted! How skillfully managed his plans! How completely thrown every one off the track!

What did she want now? Was it revenge? Ah! Mr. Arthur Fairfax, here you are, snugly ensconced in an out of the way place, congratulating yourself upon the fact that you are hidden safely, where none may find you! But I am here! I, Lydia, who *never* fail to carry out my will!

For the space of a day or two, after her arrival, Lydia went through with the usual doings of strangers at Bar Harbor.

Of course, she and her aunt traveled with a courier. This man had not been idle, during his short stay. According to Lydia's instructions, he had managed to secure a glimpse of both Miss Rochefort and Mr. Fox. The former he instantly recognized as the Princess Natalie; the latter as the gentleman he had frequently seen with Mr. Dick Oxford in the little Brittany village.

He conveyed the result of his investigations to Lydia, who now became assured that she was not about to attack the wrong persons.

Her mind was resolved and, the next morning, she informed Miss Gulnare of this resolution. She proposed "bearding the lion in his den—in other words, calling upon Miss Rochefort and, if Miss Gulnare would be kind enough to lend her a village cart for the occasion, it would constitute her complete equipment for the onslaught."

Of course, Miss Gulnare would only be too glad to lend her the vehicle, but would not Lady Lydia prefer going in the barouche?

No, she wished to go quietly and alone in the village-cart. So, off she started, the daring Lady Lydia, that closely-shut mouth and flashing eye plainly showing that she meant "business."

The fates often guide us directly into luck and cause us to profit by our very blunders.

Glen Gore—where Lydia intended first calling—and Eld-Field were adjoining, and she made the very common mistake of taking the one for the other. She entered into the grounds of the latter just at the *denouement* of the scene between Natalie and Fairfax.

When she drove up before the door the gardener was taking up some of the summer plants, near by. She asked him to ring the bell. He did so, and thereby altered the fate of Fairfax. He had recalled Natalie to her senses, and sent her flying up-stairs to her room, while he had also precluded any turning back upon the part of Fairfax.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WITH ALL HIS FAULTS, I LOVE HIM STILL.

Lydia sat in her village-cart, cool, calm and collected, with the reins in one hand and the whip in the other, the ideal picture of a woman who has the entire advantage on her side—and feels it, too.

The door opened. A man, with bowed head and hands folded behind him, came out.

The gardener still stood by the door. The gentleman did not seem to notice him. Even the imperturbable Lydia could not refrain from starting as she saw the newcomer. The Fairfax whom she remembered wore a full beard and mustache. This man's face was as smooth as a boy's. If he were Arthur Fairfax, his entire expression had changed. His dearest friend would never have known him. No wonder Lydia was doubtful.

She looked again. She could not be mis-

SHE LOOKED AGAIN.

taken. There was that unmistakeable forehead; that same scowl of sad thought.

As he stepped down from the porch, a voice, clear-cut, hard, metallic as his own, when he chose it to be so, fell upon his ear.

"Mr. Fairfax, I believe!"

The man looked up, startled.

Not ten feet from him sat Lydia, a look of keen, cool triumph on her face—Lydia whom he had completely forgotten, or supposed two thousand miles away!

"Great Heavens! Lady Lydia, you here! What do you want of me!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AGE OF TREES.

A New York Forester's Talk on an Interesting Subject.

"A fine tree, that!"

"Yes, but it is rather young."

"Rather young? Why, it is over three hundred years old."

"That may be," returned the second speaker, who combines with his profession of architecture a profound knowledge of forestry, "but that is not very old for a tree."

"Perhaps not for Europe or Asia, but recollect this is a new country," observed the reporter, who had accompanied him to Central Park, where a handsome oak tree attracted their attention.

"How old do you think that obelisk is?" inquired the architect.

"A little over three thousand years."

"Well, what would you say if I told you that in one of the younger States of the Union I had sat under a tree that was full grown and vigorous when the Egyptians were toiling on that shaft?"

"I presume I should have to believe you."

"As you please about that. But I have chipped bark off a pine tree in Calaveras County, Cal., that spread shade over many square feet of ground before those pothooks were carved on the side of that column. This tree that I speak of is supposed to be the oldest tree in the world. Its age is estimated at three thousand five hundred years. The climate of the Pacific slope seems to be wonderfully preservative for trees of its kind."

"Could a tree ever live that long in this climate?"

"I doubt it. No tree certainly ever has. But when you speak of this being a new country, bear in mind that all countries were made about the same time and that trees were not made by men."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Seemed Still Larger.

"So you are home from New York!"

"Yes."

"Been there often!"

"This was the tenth time."

"Did the city look as large as when you first went there!"

"Much larger."

"It did? That's just the opposite of my experience. After the third or fourth time I was not at all impressed with its size."

"Well, I stood on Broadway at Canal street and looked around me, and it seemed to me that I never could get out of the city."

"Shoo! That was a queer impression."

"Well, I dunno. I just had my pocket picked of my last dollar. Didn't know a soul to borrow from, and the hotel clerk was making out my three day's bill. Yes, the city seemed to be forty miles across to me.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—Scalloped Codfish.—Mix together two teacups of mashed potatoes, 1½ teacups of cold boiled codfish, 2½ teacups of milk, one half egg and one quarter of a teacup of butter, bake a light brown.

—A good way to warm over cold boiled potatoes is to chop them—not too fine—heat some butter in a frying-pan and put the potatoes in. Just a few minutes before taking them from the fire stir in some well-beaten eggs. Serve hot

—You can make crape look almost new by holding it smoothly over a basin of boiling water. Move it about until every part is steamed. Fold it up while damp, very evenly, and lay between newspapers, under a heavy pressure for a couple of days.

—Pitchers of milk should never be allowed to stand around after they are taken from the table, unless placed at once in a refrigerator containing only milk or cream and sweet butter. Rancid butter will communicate its odor and flavor to milk and cream.

—If a bushel of old corn returns you about forty-nine pounds of meal at one trip and forty-seven at another, don't jump to the conclusion that the miller has taken too much toll. Corn that is new will waste by evaporation nearly two pounds to the bushel more than corn that is old and well dried.—*Orange County Farmer.*

—Sweet Potato Fluff.—Boil until tender six medium-sized potatoes. When done, remove the skins and press the potatoes through a colander. Add a gill of hot cream, a tablespoonful of salt and a little white pepper. Beat until very light, and then stir in carefully the well-beaten whites of three eggs. Heap in a baking dish, brown and serve.

—Cream Cake.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, whites of two eggs, three and a half cups of flour, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. For the cream: One pint of sweet milk, sweetened to taste, yelks of three eggs, thicken with flour to the consistency of custard, flavor with lemon. This amount makes two good-sized cakes.

—Where ducks and geese are sent to market requiring them drawn they may be scalded; then wrap them in a cloth for two minutes, when the feathers and down will come off clean. Very early in the season small chicks sell rapidly because of the scarcity of larger sizes, but the usually preferred weight is from one to one and a half pounds, but later on those of two pounds are preferred. In winter all stock can be shipped better and more economically when killed and dressed, but in summer the best mode is to ship poultry alive.

CARE OF FARM TEAMS.

Ten Hours' Labor a Fair Day's Work for Man or Beast.

My theory is that a horse, like a man, is not injured by reasonable labor; that he should perform that labor when the business of the farm demands it, and, lastly, that the comfort of the family shall not be sacrificed to pamper any animal on the premises. So much for theory; now for practice.

I believe that ten hours of labor in the field are enough for men or horses, and even in harvest I and my men leave the field at six. A five o'clock supper and a rush of work in the "cool of the day" will do more to break down men and teams than any other practice of the farm.

During the working season I feed from four to six quarts of oats, according to the size of the horse, and the best hay I have—all he wants, if he is not a glutton. I aim to keep him in good flesh, but not fat.

Here is a programme of a day in summer: Fed at 5:15 a. m. with oats and hay; then groomed. Leave for the field at 6:30, receiving water, of course. Leave the field at 11:30; allowed some drink and, if warm, the harness is removed and the necks are washed. The horses are then fed a small allowance of hay, and after our own dinner, or about 12:30, they have their oats. The teams leave for the field at one, receiving water if desired, and remain till six. On coming again to the barn, the same care is given as at noon, the grain being fed after our own supper, when they are rubbed off and left for the night. The morning, noon and night feeds of hay are in about the proportion of two, one and three respectively, and it is intended that each shall be eaten clean.

It will be seen that I keep a horse for his work, and work means with me ten hours of labor. I never hurry or worry, nor do I allow long stops. If the weather is oppressive, or the work very severe, I give rests short and frequent, taking care to raise the collars from the necks. The article I criticised said a horse should work from sunrise till noon; then no more till after four o'clock, evidently seeking the "cool of the day." Thus we lose the animals' labor in the most valuable part of the day; besides the forenoon is too long, and few horses could endure the work. As I work teams, the horses endure the afternoon fully as well as the forenoon.

I will say, in defense of my system, that it does not subject a horse to great physical strain; nor is there the consequent danger arising from overfeeding. I never lost a horse, and mine are never sick. Often in winter, with little work, I change the diet to corn with corn fodder or oat straw. In brief, I aim to treat my horses well, give them all they need to eat, comfortable quarters and good care; but I do not conduct the farm for their benefit, nor dedicate our lives to their pampering.—*E. Davenport, in Rural New Yorker.*